

Polyhymnia

Describing,

The honourable Triumph at Tylt,
before her Maiestie, on the 17. of
November, last past, being the first day of
the three and thirtieth year of
her Highnesse raigne;

With Sir Henrie Lea, his resignati-
on of honour at Tylt, to her Maiestie,
and receiued by the right honorable,
the Earle of Cumberland.



Printed at London by Richard Albion.

Polyhimnia.
Entituled, with all dutie to the Right
Honourable, Lord Compton
of Compton.

By George Peele, Maister of Artes
in Oxforde.



The names of the Lordes and Gentle-
men that ran, and the order of their running.

The Coupler.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 Sir Henry Lea, & | 8 Sir VVilliam Knowles |
| The Earle of Cumberlād. | M. Anthony Cooke. |
| 2 The Lord Strange, & | 9 Sir Thomas Knowles. |
| M. Thomas Gerrarde. | Sir Phillip Butler. |
| 3 The Lord Compton, & | 10 M. Robert Knowles. |
| M. Henry Nowell. | M. Ralph Bowes. |
| 4 The Lord Burck, & | 11 M. Thomas Sydney |
| Sir Edward Denny. | M. Robert Alexander. |
| 5 The Earle of Essex, & | 12 M. Iohn Nedham, |
| M. Foulke Greenill. | M. Richard Aiton. |
| 6 Sir Charles Blunt. | 13 M. Charles Dauers. |
| M. Thomas Vauasor. | M. Euerard Digby. |
| 7 M. Robert Carey. & | |
| M. VVilliam Gresham. | |

Polihymnia.

T Herefore, when thirtie two were come and gone,
 Years of her raigne, daies of her countries peace,
Elizabeth great Empresse of the world,
Britanias Atlas, Star of *Englands* globe,
 That swaies the massie scepter of her land,
 And holdes the royall raynes of *Albion*.
 Began the gladsome sunnie day to shine,
 That drawes in length date of her golden raigne:
 And thirtie three shee numbred in her throne:
 That long in happinesse and peace (I pray)
 May number manie to these thirtie three.
 Wherefore it fares as whilom and of yore,
 In armour bright and sheene, faire *Englands* knights
 In honour of their peerelesse Soueraigne:
 High Maistresse of their seruice, thoughtes and liues
 Make to the Tylt amaine: and trumpets sound,
 And princelie Coursers neigh, and champ the byt,
 When all addrest for deeds of high deuoyre,
 Preace to the sacred presence of their Prince.

The I. couple. { *Sir Henrie Lea.*
 { *The Earle of Cumberland.*

Mightie in Armes, mounted on puissant horse,
 Knight of the Crown in rich imbroderre,
 And costlie faire Caparison charg'd with Crownes,
 Oreshadowed with a withered running Vine,
 As who would say, My spring of youth is past:
 In Corflet gylt of curious workmanship,
Sir Henry Lea, redoubted man at Armes
 Leades in the troopes, whom woorthie *Cumberland*

Thrice

The 17. of Nouemb 1590.

Thrice noble Earle, auctured as became
So greate a Warriour and so good a Knight.
Encountred first, yclad in coate of Steele,
And plumes and pendants al as white as Swanne,
And speare in rest, right readie to performe
What long'd vnto the honour of the place.
Together went these Champions, horse and man,
Thundring along the Tylt, that at the shocke
The hollow gyring vault of heauen resoundes.
Six courses spent, and speares in shiuers split,

The 2. couple { The L. Straunge.
M. Iohn Gerrarde.

THE Earle of *Darbies* valiant sonne and heire,
Braue *Ferdinande* Lord *Straunge*, straunglie embarkt,
Vnder *Ioues* kinglie byrd, the golden Eagle,
Stanleyes olde Crest and honourable badge,
As veering fore the winde, in costlie ship,
And armour white and watchet buckled fast,
Presentes him selfe, his horses and his men,
Suted in Satten to their Maisters collours,
Welneeretwise twentie Squires that went him by.
And hauing by his Trough-man pardon crau'd,
Vailing his Eagle to his Soueraignes eies,
As who should say, stoope Eagle to this Sun,
Dismountes him from his pageant, and at once,
Taking his choice of lustie Tilting horse,
Couered with sumptuous rich Caparisons,
Hemountes him branely for his friendlie foe,
And at the head he aimes, and in his aime
Happily thriues, and breakes his Azure staues.

The Triumph at Tyle.

Whom gentle *Gerrarde*, all in white and greene,
Collours (belike) best seruing his conceit,
Lustilie meetes, mounted in seate of Steele,
With flourishing plume and faire Caparison,
And then at euerie shocke the shiuers flie,
That recommend their honor to the skie.

The 3. couple. *{ The L. Compton.*
{ M. Henry Nowell.

NExt in the Virgins collours, as before
Ran *Cumberland*; comes louely *Compton* in,
His Courser trapt in white, and plumes and staues
Of snowie hue, and Squires in faire aray,
Waiting their Lords good fortune in the field.
His armour glittering like the Moones bright raies,
Or that cleare siluer path, the milk-white way
That in *Olympus*, leads to *Ioues* high court,
Him noble minded *Nowell* pricks to meet,
All arm'd in Sables with rich Bandalier,
That Bawdrick wise he ware, set with faire stones
And pearles of *Inde*, that like a siluer bend
Shew'd on his varnish't Corset black as Iet,
And beauteous plumes and bases futable,
And on his styrtrop waites a trustie train
Of seruants, clad in tawnie lieries,
And toote they goe, this Lord and lusty Knight
To doo their roiall mistresse honors right.

The

Th: 17 .of Nouemb. 1590.

The 4. couple. { *The L. Burke.*
Sir Edward Denmye.

W^Hen mounted on his fierce and foming Steed,
In Riches and in Collours like his peeres,
With Iuorie plumes in siluer shining Armes,
His men in Crimfon dight, and staues in Red
Comes in Lord *Burck*, a faire yoong *Ireland* Lord,
Bent chiefly to the exercise of Armes,
And bounding in his princelie Mistresse eie,
Chargeth his staffe when trumpet cals away,
At noble *Dennies* head, braue man at Armes,
That furiously with flaming sword in hand,
(As if the God of warre had sent him downe,
Or if you will, to shew his burning zeale
And forwardnesse in seruice to her person,
To whome those Martiall deedes were consecrate)
Speedes to the Tylt amaine, rich as the rest,
Himselfe, his horse, and pages all in greene,
Greene veluet fairely garnish'd horse and man.

The 5. couple. { *The Earle of Essex.*
M. Foulke Greuile.

T^Hen proudly shocks amid the Martiall throng,
Of lustie Lancieres, all in Sable sad,
Drawen on with cole-blacke Steeds of duskie hue,
In stately Chariot full of deepe deuice,
Where gloomie Time sat whipping on the teame,
Iust backe to backe with this great Champion,
Yoong *Essex*, that thrice honorable Earle,
Yclad in mightie Armes of mourners hue,

And

The Triumph at Tyle.

And plume as blacke as is the Rauens wing,
That from his armour borrowed such a light,
As howes of Vu receiues from shady streame,
His staues were such, or of such hue at least,
As are those banner staues that mourners beare,
And all his companie in funerall blacke,
As if he mourn'd to thinke of him he mist,
Sweete *Sydney*, fairest shepheard of our greene,
Well lettred Warriour, whose successor he
In loue and Armes had euer vowed to be.
In loue and Armes ô may he so succede,
As his desertts, as his desires would speede.

With this great Lord must gallant *Grenill* run,
Faire man at Armes, the Muses fauouret,
Louer of Learning and of Chiuallrie,
Sage in his sawes, sound Iudge of Poesie:
That lightlie mounted, makes to him amaine,
In armour gilt, and battles full of cost:
Together goe these friendes as enemies,
As when a Lion in a thicket pent,
Steele the Boare all bent to combat him,
Makes through the shrubs, and thunders as he goes.

The 6. couple { *Sir Charles Blunt.*
 M. Iohn Vauasor.

AND then as blithe, as bird of mornings light,
Inflamb'd with honor, glistering as the Sun,
What time he mountes the sweating Lions back,
Beset with glorious Sun-shine of his traine,
Bearing the Sun vpon his armed breast,
That like a precious shining Carbunkle,

on the 17. of Novemb. 1590.

Or *Phœbus* eye, in heaven it selfe reflects;
Comes *Sir Charles Blunt* in Or and Azure dight,
Rich in his colours, richer in his thoughts,
Rich in his Fortune, Honor, Armes and Arte:
And him the valiant *Vansfor* assailes
On fierce and readie horse with speare in rest,
In Orange-tawnie bright and beautifull,
Himselfe, his men and all: and on they speed,
And hast they make to meeete, and meeete they doo,
And doo the thing for which they meeete in hast,
Each in his Armour amiable to see,
That in their lookes bare loue and Chivalrie.

The 7. couple. Master Robert Cary.
Master William Gresham.

BY this the Trumpet cal'd Cary to the Tilt,
Fairst bird, fairest Cignet of our silver Swanne,
When like a Lord in pompe and princelie shew,
And like a Champion fitted for the warre,
And not vnlike the forme of such a fyre,
Vnder a plant of murre and of white,
That like a Palme tree beautifullie spread,
On mightie horse of Naples mounted faire,
And horse at hand, and men and pages fightr,
All with a burning heart graces he his grace,
Whose gracious countenance he his heauen esteems,
And to her sacred person it presents;
As who would say, my heart and life is here,
To whom my loyalty this heart prefers:
And at the fountains our his fountaine flies,
Gresham his beine of golden Gresham land,

The Triumph of Tylt

That beautifull new Tylt with royall Change;
Badge of his honor and magnificence;
Siluer and Sable linc his colours were;
And readie was his horse, and readie he,
To bound, and well behaue him in her cye,
Vpon whose lookes his life and honour stood.
Then horse and man conspir'd to meet againe,
Along the Tylt *Carry* and *Gresham* goe,
Swift as the Swallow, or that Greekeish Nymph
That seem'd to quarry the eyles of Rome;
And breake they doo; they miste not as I weene,
And all was done in honour of their Queene.

The 8 couple *Sir William Knowles*
and *John Anthony Cooke.*

Then like the three *Floriz* in the field;
Betwixt the Roman and the Alban camp;
That triumpht in the royall right of Rome;
Or olde Duke *Alphonse* glory, *Dundas* pride;
Came in the noble English Nestors sonnes,
Braue *Knowles* his offspring, hardy Champions,
Each in his plumes, his colours and deuice,
Expresing Warriors wit and Counters grace.
Against Sir *William* rana lusty Knight
Fine in stature he was, and full of wit;
Famous beyond the chalkie Brittain chifes,
And lou'd and honored in his country boundes.
Anthony Cooke, a man of noblenace,
For Armes and Countship equall to the best;
Valour and Vertue sat vpon his helme;
Whome *Leue* and *lowring* Fortune led along.

And

on the 17. of November 1590.

And Life and Death he portrayed in his shoon
A libell Hand, badge of nobles worn
A Hart, that in his mistress honor vowes
To task his hand in witness of his heart
Till age shake off rough wars abilliments,
Then with such cunning can they couch their flouts
That worthily each knight himselfe behaues.

The 9. couple. } *Sir Thomas Knowles,*
 } *Sir Philip Butler.*

THE yongest brother, *Mary* his sworne man,
That wan his knightly spurs in *Belgia*
And followed dub of drum in Fortunes grace,
Well hors'd and arm'd, *Sir Philip Butler* greets
The noble *Essex* friend and follower,
In mourning Sable dight by sympathie,
A gentle Knight and meekely at the *Tyle*
He standes, as one that had no hart to hurt
His friendly foe: but at the trumpets sound
He flies along, and brauely at the face
His force he bendes: the rinal of his fame
Spurs on his steede, nor shuns the shocks for feare,
And so they meet the armour beates the shair,
Of this encounter and delightfull war.

The 10. couple. } *Mr Robert Knowles,*
 } *Mr Ralph Bowes*

THE last, nor least, of both was *britherton*
Laden with bonnet, and with golden bough
Enteing the listes like *Eyre*, armed with firr
When in the quicke plot *Bowes* he flew

○ *The Triumph of Tyle,*

Bowes takes to task, with strong and mightie arme,
Right richly mounted: horse and man it seem'd
Were well agreed to serue as roughlie there,
As in the enemies reach for life they would.
And when they ran, me thought a tempest rose,
That in the storme the clattering armours sound,
As horse and man had both bene borne to ground.

The ii. couple. { *M. Thomas Sydney.*
 M. Robert Alexander.

Thus long hath daintie *Sydney* sit and scene,
Honour and Fortune houer in the aire,
That from the glorious beames of *Englands* cie,
Came streaming: *Sydney*, at which name I sigh,
Because I lacke the *Sydney* that I loue,
And yet I loue the *Sydney* that I see.
Thus long (I say) sat *Sydney* and beheld
The shiuers flie of many a shaken speare,
When mounted on a Courser trap in white,
And throughly wel appointed he and his,
Pure sparkes of *Vertue* kindling *Honors* fire,
He thought he might, and for he might, he would
Reach at this glorie, fare befall him ill:
And to the Tyle (impatient of delay)
He comes, encountred with a threatning point
That *Alexander* menac'd to him fast:
A valorous and a lustie Gentleman,
Well fitted with his armour and his Steed,
And him young *Sydney* sits: and had he charg'd
The Macedonian *Alexanders* staffe,
He had bene answered by that valiant youth:

The 17 of November. 1590.

So well behav'd himselfe this faire young Knight,
As Parished to great Achilles Lance
Applied his tender fingers and his force.

The 12. couple. { M. Nedham.
 { M. Richard Acton.

THE next came Nedham in on lustie horse,
That angrie with delay, at Trumpets sound
Would snort, & stamp, and stand vpon no ground,
Vnwillling of his maisters tariance.
Yet tarie must his maister, and with him
His prauncing steed, till trumpets sounding shrill,
Made Acton spur apace, that with applause
Of all beholders, hied him lustilie
As who would say, Now goe I to the goale,
And then they ride and run and take their chance
As death were fixt at point of eithers lance.

The 13. couple. { M. Charles Dauers.
 { M. Euerard Digbie.

NOW drew this martiall exercise to ende,
And Dauers here and Digbie were the last
Of six and twentie gallant Gentlemen,
Of noble birth and princelie resolution.
That ran in couplement, as you haue heard,
In honour of their mistresse holiday.
A gracious sport, fitting that golden time,
The day, the byrth-day of our happinesse,
The blooming time, the spring of Englands peace.
Peace then my muse, yet ere thou peace, report,

The Triumph at Tyle,

Say how thou sawest these Actors play their partes.
Both mounted brantly, brauelie minded both,
Second to fewe or none for their successe in battell.
Their hie deuoyre, their deeds too say no lesse.
And now had *Englands* Queene, faire *Englands* life,
Beheld her Lordes, and lovely Lordly Knightes
Doo Honors seruice to their Soueraigne,
And heauen by this distill'd down teares of ioy,
In memorie and honour of this day.

*Sir Henry Lea resignes his place of Honour at
Tyle, to the Earle of Cumberland.*

AND now as first by him intended was,
In sight of Prince and Peeres, and people round,
Old *Henry Lea*, Knight of the Crowne dismountes,
And in a faire Pavilion hard at hand,
Where holic lightes burnt on the hallowed shrine
To *Vertue* or to *Vesta* consecrate,
Hauing vnarm'd his body, head and all,
To his great Mistresse his petition makes,
That in regard and fauour of his age,
It would so please her princely Maiestie
To suffer him giue vp his staffe and Armes,
And honourable place wherein he seru'd,
To that thrice valiant Earle, whose Honors pledge
His life should be: with that he singled forth
The flower of English Knightes, the valiant Earle
Of *Cumberland*, and him (before them all)
He humbly prayes her Highnesse to accept,
And him install in place of those designs.

And

The 17. of Novemb. 1590.

And to him gives his armour and his launce,
Protesting to her princelie Maiestie,
In sight of heauen and all her princelie Lordes,
He would betake him to his Oraysons:
And spend the remnant of his waining age,
(Vñfit for warres and Martiall exploits)
In praiers for her endlesse happines.
Whereat she smiles, and sighes, and seem'd to say
Good Woodman, though thy Greene be turn'd to gray,
Thy age past Aprils prime, and pleasant May:
Haue thy request, we take him at thy praise,
May he succeed the honour of thy daies.
Amen, said all, and hope they doo no lesse,
No lesse his vertue and nobilitie,
His skill in Armes and practise promifeth,
And many Chāpions such may England liue to haue
And daies 80 yeares as many such, as she in heart can
(crane.

FINIS.



A Sonet.

HIS Golden lockes, Time hath to Silver turn'd,
O Time too swift, & Swiftnesse neuer ceasing:
His Youth gainst Time and Age hath euer spurn'd
But spurn'd in vain, Youth waineth by increasing.
Beauty Strength, Youth, are flowers, but fading seen,
Durie, Faith, Love are roots, and euer greene.

His Helmet now, shall make a hive for Bees,
And Lovers Sonets, turn'd to holy Psalmes:
A man at Armes must now serue on his knees,
And feede on praiers, which are Age his almes.
But though from Court to Cottage he depart,
His faith is sure of his vnspotted heart.

And when he sadden sits in homely Cell,
Hee leteach his Swaines this Caroll for a Song,
Bless be the heartes that with my Penetrating well,
Curst be the soules that thinke hee but a song.
Goddesse, allow this good man his right,
To be your Beads-man now, that was your King.



